



Y Our Ladyship may well be in Amaze, &c think either Maggot or Wind-mill in my Crown, for being a Meddler out of my own Sphere ; yet had I Wings, I would fly to your Feet, and rely on your Justice in hope of Pardon. A Fool is an Extinguisher of Loves Flames. May some good Angel shield you from that lamentable Cross. I was neither Baboon nor Hedgehog for all the Owls of Tunbridge to gaze at. If your Gallant's Eyes want Spectacles to find a Mask, I can compass those will fit his Nose. But last Sunday I met a Parrot that saw your Spark reel from the Bell to salute a Wench in a Pink Petticoat. I shall not harp any more on those Asses, but leave them to the Devil ; only tell you, Neither Time nor Fortune can alter my Heart, but shall still rest, Madam, your most passionate Servant,

J. W.